"Matron of a Benevolent Home and knowing the good Dr. Miles' Nervine has done me, my wish to help others, overcomes my dislike for the publicity, this letter may give me. In Nov. and Dec., 1863, The immates had the "LaGrippe," and I was one of the first. Besuming duty too soon, with the care of so many sick, I did not regain my health, and in a month came so debilitated and nervous from sleeplessness and the drafts made on my vitality, that it was a question if I could go on. A dear friend advised me to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continu Its occasional use, as a nerve food, as my work is very trying. A letter adiressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me.

June 6, 1894. Mrs. Laura C. Phornix. Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1,6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Sold by all druggists

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 16:30 s. m., 7 p. m Sunday school 9 s. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Rev. Games Pas-

tor.

8. PRESBYTERIAN.—Churchio:Sca.m.,7p m
Sunday School 12 [m., Prayor Meeting,
Thureday,7p.m.Brv.M.L.DONARRY, Pas-

ST.AUGUSTINE.—Mass 3 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers 2 p. m. REV.M. PUETE, Pastor. METHODIST.—Churchi0:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sab-bath School9:15 a. m., Young People's Meet-ing 6:30 p. m., Epworth League Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

ST.PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church?:30p.m.,(or 10 a.m.,asanuouncedprevious Sunday) Sun-day School9 a.m. Rav.W.L.Fishen Pastor. ST. JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedow, Twp., Churchiga. m. Rry. W. L. Fishers, Pastor., EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m., Sunday3chooliga. m. Rry. L. Dammonn

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Churchio a.m. Rev. L. Dammonn, Pastor. UNITED SRETHREN.—SouthNapoleon ;church every wock, 10:30 a.m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thureday 7 p. m Rev. C. B. FLETCHER, Pastor.

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## FAT PEOPLE

PARK OBESITY PILLS will reduce your weight PERMANENTLY from 12 to 15 points a month. NO STARVING sickness or 1-jury; NO PUBLICITY. They build up the health and beautify the complexion leaving NO WRIN KLES or fisbiness. STOUT ABDOMENS and difficult breathing surely relieved. NO EXPERIMENT but a scientific and positive relief, adopted only after years of experience. All orders supplied direct from our office. Frice \$2.00 per package or three packages for \$5.00 by mail postpaid. Testimonials and particulars (scaled) 7 ets. by mail postp (sealed) 2 cts. respondence Strictly Confidental.
PARK REMEDY CO., Boston, Mass

THE BALLAD OF A BOTANIST.

ar the quiet little village of a trim New England town
Lie the peaceful, pleasant acres of a farm of
fair renown,
Where the fond pursuit of botany
Doth bunish all monotony
And tan the faded cheek a ruddy brown.

Here Euphorbia cyparissias" waves a welcom

Ampelopsis quinquefelia spreads its mantle o'er the wall, While from Salix babylonics And Cydonia japonics With chearful chirp the wrens and robins call

Leonurus and Linaria lead our steps alting the Where Lilium and Trillium and Uvularia reign.
And Asclepias cornuti—

Good for "greens" if not for beauty, Like Utrica, though its touch entaileth pain. Chrysanthemum leneanthemum the grassy fields adorn, The fragrance of Trifolium on every breeze is

borne
And the tall Vebascum thapsust In very rapture wraps us, as its kingly candle kindles in the morn.

In the woods the Anemone meorosa you will Mitchella, Tiarella and the lithe Celestrus

twined,
And Monotropa hypopitys—
A very spooky crop it is—
That may scare the superstitiously inclined.

There are many more that flourish on this fair and fertile farm; I should greatly like to name them all, and catalogue each charm— The curious Crucifers, umbrellared Umbel-

The laughing Labiate, the glorious Aggregate, Rosencee, Malvacee—but do not take alarm, For I'm only just a botanist, and I really mea

no harm.

-F. L. Sargent in Youth's Companion. "Called in England "welcome to our house."

#### HIS FAILURE.

I should never have known that he was a failure if he had not told me so himself. Most assuredly he had not the air of one. For his coats were always fashionably cut, and his taste in liqueurs was almost as delicate as my own, and he could afford to gratify it far more frequently.

Such was the testimony of appearance, and so far as I knew his history it pointed to the same conclusion. He had been, I understood, a writer, like myself, though even less successful, and then "fortunate speculations" had enabled him to retire from a calling which he found more honorable than remunerative and spend his afternoons in playing billiards at the club.

And yet Everard Deane esteemed himself a failure. He told me so emphatically one evening at the hour when truth "peeps over the glass's edge when dinner's done.

"It was all that confounded Stock Exchange," he murmured, gazing gloomily into a glass of green chartreuse.

I begged him to accept my cordial congratulations. "It's a better way to fail than most," I said. For I had known so many who failed upon the Stock Exchange and lived happilydrinking champagne and driving about in broughams-ever afterward.

But Everard Deane protested. "I don't mean what you mean," he said. "I didn't lose money on the Stock Exchange. I made it-lots of it. That is the mischief of it. That is precisely why I am a failure.'

He looked gloomier than ever as he spoke and ordered a second green chartreuse.

Jerking his head so as to indicate a man at the farther end of the room-a well dressed man, excessively bejeweled -with whom, half an hour since, he had cordially shaken hands, he whispered:

evil genius. You know him?" "I think so. It's Morrison Parker, the great financier, isn't it?"

"It is, and Morrison Parker, the great financier, has been my evil genius. It's a foolish story, but I sometimes like to tell it after dinner. A brandy and soda?' I accepted, and when the waiter had brought the glasses Everard Deane re-

sumed:

"I was an author, you know-a young author-with great aims and high ambitions. I made enough money to live upon by writing for the papers, but I looked upon literature, not as a trade, but as an art. I was a member of the Waste Paper club, where all of us professed to take the same artistic views of life and letters and sat up till the small hours discussing them through a haze of tobacco smoke and steaming grog. I was very happy there until the day came when Morrison Parker joined the club. He owned a newspaper-The Stock Exchange Recorder, I think he called itand therefore he was technically qualified. But when he came and sat up with us in the small hours he did not talk literature. He talked finance."

"Yet the two subjects may occasion ally have relations with each other," I

suggested. "Precisely. That is the point that Morrison Parker used to insist upon, especially when he had had a good day md made us drink champagne with him to celebrate his luck. 'Why do so many half educated city men profess to look down on authors?' he would ask And then he would answer his own question. 'Because there isn't one author in 500 who knows how to make £1,000 a year. That has always been the great reproach of letters, from Dr. Johnson's time to ours. It's high time to put an end to that reproach. Why don't you fellows do it?

I sighed, wishing that I knew how to put an end to it myself, and then I ask-

"And did your friend descend from the general to the particular and tell you how it could be done?"

"He did. He told us all to open a speculative account in Louisvilles." "Louisvilles? That is the name of an

American railroad, I believe?" "It is. And opening a speculative ac count means buying the shares without being able to pay for them, selling them at a profit and putting the difference in your pocket. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very simple," I said. "The merest shild's play, provided that the shares go up.

'Oh, they went up all right, and so did the others that I bought afterward. I've never lost a shilling through following Morrison Parker's tips. I can't complain of that.

"And yet you call the man your evil

genius? "Yes. I still call the man my evil genius because I lost my soul through him-my soul as an artist, that was so much to me."

I started. I could not understand. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria,

But, with an impetuous impatience, Everard Deane hastened to make clear

"You call yourself an artist, and you do not understand? Doy a imagine that an artist can meddle with these sordid actualities and not find his soul defiled by them? Do you suppose that he will sit down quietly to toil for doubtful gains indefinitely deferred, when he knows that a sudden turn of the market may put hundreds in his pocket? No, no, my friend, it is not possible. What does he do? Why, he buys every edition of the evening paper to see the prices. He runs into his club to watch the tape. He drives up to the city in working hours to ask his broker whether he ought not to sell. That is how it was in my case. That is how it must be in every case. My balance at the bank was grow ing, but while it grew my soul-my artist's soul, in which I gloried so-was dying, crushed out of its bright existence by the dead weight of material cares. And so things went until I stood, as it were, at the parting of the ways and swore that I would make my

"Your choice?" "My choice between the artistic and the material life. I meant to make it dramatically too. There was still enough of the artist left in me for that. It was at midnight, in my chambers in the Temple. I took the manuscript of my half finished novel-the novel that was to make me famous-from the desk and placed it on the table. Beside it I laid a heap of share certificates, and transfer forms and contract notes. Between the two piles there stood a lighted candle. One of them was to be burned to ashes in its flame-one of them, and at this solemn hour I was to determine which and, by determining, decide the whole course of my future life."

He paused. I had to press him before he would proceed.

"And then you burned"—
"Neither," was his unexpected answer. "Neither, for I could not decide. My novel went back into the drawer it came from, to wait there till the old joy in the higher life came back to me. And that joy never came. Even to this hour it has not come. I look back to the old days. I long for them. But I know quite well that they will not return to me. The greed for gain, its ceaseless worries and anxieties, has killed my soul, and that is why I tell you that I am a failure."

There was a melancholy, at once in credible and convincing, in his accents. Unless there were a woman in the case I would not have believed it possible for a man so well to do to look so miserable. I sought to say something that might lift him out of his despondency.

"Failure or no failure, at least you can go to Monte Carlo in the winter," I

suggested.
"I know. I'm going next week with
Morrison Parker," Everard Deane re-And then he shook his head slowly

and shrugged his shoulders gloomily, though to say that the joy of sojourning on the Riviera while we were toiling in the fogs was nothing to the price that he had had to pay for it.

And as I drove home that night to Whitcomb street I tried to persuade myself that he was right -Francis Gribbe in New Budget.

The Bessonette Cotton Bale.

A man of the name of Bessonette o Temple, Tex., has invented a process of compressing cotton which, it is estimated, will save to the south \$32,000,000 annual ly. Imagine, if you please, a cotton bale dense and so well covered that a fire may be built upon it without causing calculable damage; also imagine a bale so packed as to occupy much less room than any ties to keep it in shape. Imagine fur-ther a bale which contains no moisture, no air and nothing but cotton, and so com pact as to be like a block of hard wood into which nails can be driven the same as it it were wood.

The cotton, according to the Bessonette process, is ginned into bats, wound on iron spindles, pressed down upon the spindle by a revolving cylinder with any re-quired pressure, and then wrapped with cotton duck, something after the style of the wrapping of a cigar. Cotton duck cups are placed over the ends of the cylin der of cotton, after the spindle is with drawn, and strands of wire passed around the ends of the cylinder hold the caps in place. No iron bands are used, as the way the cotton batting is wound on the spindle retains the full force of the compressage. The duck is to protect the outside of the cylinder of cotton from dirt.-Tuscaloose

The Bears Think the Wires Are Bees, The abandoned telegraph line which the Western Union Telegraph company set about establishing through Alaska about 30 years ago is to be revived, the company deciding that there is sufficient business to warrant its construction. The line will be built to Forty Mile creek, on the Yukon and branches will run to Sitka and Ju neau, thus putting Alaska in touch with the world. The plan 30 years ago was to construct a line through Alaska, by way of Bering strutt to Siberia, and thence to St. Petersburg. Before the line had been finished to Alaska the success of the Atlantic cable made the transsiberian line unnecessary. One of the principal diffi-culties the telegraph encountered was from bears, which took the telegraph poles for bee trees, and the humming of the wires as the sound of disturbed bees. They tore down many poles in their active search for the honey supposed to be concealed in that region, and the enterprise of carrying the telegraph to that far region may be found more difficult to accomplish than is now thought .- Buffalo Commercial. The Wonderful "Goose Plant."

The "goose plant," one of pature' strange and marvelous productions, is the most rare and unique botanical oddity known to the naturalists. Its home is in the superheated ooze of the Amazon river swamps and but one specimen of it, that exhibited at the World's fair two years ago, has ever been seen on the North American continent. It is so scarce that even in Brazil it is considered a wonder of wonders, and those who were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the specimen in the Jackson park collection may congratulate themselves on having seen some-thing that would have been a first class surprise to a native Amazonian. The 'geese" which grow on this remarkable plant are real geese, as far as appearances go. In the full grown plant they have well formed bodies of goosely size, shape and color, breasts apparently formed to stem buffeting waves and necks and heads which so exactly imitate those of a real goose as to almost make animated nature ashamed of herself. During the time of the fair the Jackson

park goose plant only had one goose and a of goslings growing upon it, but couple since it has been removed to the Washing ton park greenhouse there have been several additions to the family, there being now five or six full grown geese and twice that many goslings.—St. Louis Republic.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Oh, her trunk hadn't come! How she storn and she sputtered Up and down the green lawn of the seaside hotel! It was lost on the railroad; yes, lost, and for

And she had seven kinds of hysterics as wel During which rantings she of course found a chance to tell everybody of the priceless Worth and Fellx gowns, the dia monds and rubles, the Paristan lingeri and gorgeons laces it contained, and all the women went wild with sympathy and were dying to get a gilmuse at the lost and

Yes, by morning, by noon and by night, too, we That trunk, her dear trunk, had been lost or the way, And the landlord, he stormed and spent dol

lars in wiring And cussing the railroads by night and by And of course she kept right on telling finner and 6 times after just as she was cles, are at a discount.

Then a telegram came. Oh, the joy to the natives!
Had the trunk, then, been traced? Nay,
'twas thrilling far more—
'Twas a message from Yaptown: "Come home
right away, love,
Come back and heip John in the grocery
store."

guests lay awake nights in sympathy.

Then of course the landlord had a fit. The guests went off into convenient corners to have their laugh out, and the dear at Drexel and Oakwood boulevards creature swooned dead away to think-Oh, her trunk hadn't come. But she found it

To skip the next morn in its search, don't you So you see, my dear chaps, in the matter of he asked permission of the clerk to sit When compared to a woman, you all are dead

-New York World.



Huserly-Tankleigh fell into the wat the other day.

Austen—Was he drowned? Huserly—No, he wasn't drowned, but he was badly diluted.

He wanted to keep his name before the public, and he had given the question of methods careful thought. Sitting with his throbbing head resting upon his hand, he had pondered deep into the night, but without much success. Then he had con-sulted with his friends, but had got little satisfaction from them.
"You might try literature," one had

uggested.

But he shook his head. Literature was hard work and the reward mighty uncer-

"How about the stage?" another had suggested.

But the stage was quite as uncertain as literature. He might get his name before the public at intervals in that way, but

how could be keep it there?

"Then you'd better go into politics,"
was the advice of a third. But even politicians are lost to sight at

"Why not try art?" asked a fourth. the plan. Artists appear only spasmodically at best, while he wished to be the center of interest and have his name constantly

before the public. So he pondered and puzzled over the problem and was almost in despair when a happy thought came to him. He put aside all idea of art and literature and

even politics. Then he went into training for a prize fight, and his object was accomplish

Chicago Post. A School Drama In Two Acts.

ACT I.

Tencher (meeting some of his scholars on the street)—All you boys and girls who wish that school didn't begin next Tuesday just put up your hands. And this was the result: न क्रिकेन के ने क्रिकेन के क्रिकेन

ACT II. Biggest Boy (after the teacher has gor by)-Where will our teacher go to when

And this was the result: -Somerville Journal.

In the Library. "What fool gave you a book on that card?" asked the library official.

"Why, it was a mean looking fellow about-why, it was you.' That is as bad as what happened to

Horace Greeley one day.

He wrote a note to a friend, and when the hov delivered it the man looked at it and handed it back, saying sotto voce, "I can't read the d-d fool's writing.' The boy took the note back to Greeley, who hastily opened it, and not being able

to read it said: "Here, take this back and tell the dfool I can't read his writing." "That's what he said," remarked the

boy. "What!" aghast.—Peck's Sun.

Out of His Line. "Look here," said the Chinese general to one of his officers, "you are showing a very belligerent spirit." 'Yes. I feel that way."

"Why didn't you defeat a few Japa-"Out of my line, general. Missionaries constitute my specialty."—Washington

Jack-Half a dozen of my girl's cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to when I should stop kissing What do you think?

"There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy it, then it's time to stop."-Life. A Charming Old Lady.

Women who dread growing old-and what woman does not?—should remember Charles Dudley Warner's remark when asked to address the girls of a young ladies' school in St. Louis. After glancing at the 500 fresh, expectant young ladies before him and then at the group of teachers, many of whom were gray haired, he said, "It is a beautiful thing to be a bly survive the deadly fumes. charming young lady, and the best of it you will some time have a chance to be a

charming old lady." Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

FATALITY OF A NAME

A STRANGE INCIDENT WHICH SUG-GESTS MENTAL TELEPATHY.

go's Realth Department-A "Pipe Story" Which Has Broken Down the Eules and Made Its Way Into Print.

Writers of fiction have no monopoly of the strange or supernatural. There are things taking place every day in Chicago which are necessitional explanation as the mysterious coinings of the novelist's brain. Newspaper men hear of them, but in the rush for cold, hard facts, demanded both by city editors and newspaper readers, the 'pipe stories,' as queer and unexplainable everybody how awfully embarrassing it stories," as queer and unexplainable was that she couldn't dress 14 times before happenings are called in journalistic cirdinner and 6 times after just as she was used to at home, you know, and if that trunk didn't come soon she should simply die of mortification, and half the hotel's ceived the space and attention it merits instead of being consigned to the wastebasket as the "pipe dream" of an opium devotee:

One cold wintry night not so long ago Dr. L. T. Potter, now connected with the Chicago health department, and a number of his companions were when a stranger of diffident manner en tered. His clothes and jewelry marked him a person of means, but he seemed in the office awhile, Dr. Potter and his companions at once sized him up as a man who had been out on a spree, was without ready cash to pay for a bed, and took this means of getting refuge from the winter's blasts. The stranger, who was young and intelligent, grew uncomfortable under the ill disguised scrutiny of the crowd and finally said: "Gentlemen, I would like to explain

my presence here and why I sit up in

the office in preference to taking a bed. In the first place, let me assure you it is not a matter of money," drawing ou a goodly sized roll of bills. "For some years my father, who is a resident of New York, has had trouble with his family and has been a wanderer. He was at one time worth considerable money, but this has been lost, and a number of letters which I have of late received from him show me he is despondent. This afternoon I got a letter from him, dated in Detroit, saying he would arrive in Chicago tonight, take a room at this hotel and end his life by turning on the gas. He added that in the event of the gas failing he had a pistol with him, with which he would send a bullet through his brain. Father had no idea I would get this letter today, as I have been out of town, and it was only an unexpected case of sickness in my family which brought me back. I am sitting up here to intercept him when he comes in and prevent the suicide which he contemplates. Fortunately I have means enough for both and can relieve his anxiety in this respect. Dr. Potter and his friends were at

once interested. They congratulated the stranger on his good luck in having received his father's letter in time and tendered their services in any way in which they might be desired. Two or three times an effort was made to find out the man's name, but he parried the questions on the ground that, as his father's plans would be frustrated, he did not care to have his identity disclosed. "You may, however, call me Melchior, as it is awkward to address a man with out a name, and Melchior is as good as nything, barring the right one evening sped along, and about midnight the stranger, being assured no more trains would arrive before morning, took his departure, saying he though his father must have been detained or perhaps have happily changed his mind. The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends

sat up for an hour or more talking it over. At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired, leaving an assistant who had not heard the story in charge of the office. About 1.30 in came an old gentleman with a traveling bag in hand who registered as "George C. Melchior," and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid re ported a strong smell of gas on that floor. The door of the newcomer's room was broken in, and he was found dead, with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in his head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story and of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his father. The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the house asking to

see the body. "I don't understand how father could have registered as 'Melchior,' for it is not his name, and I only used it last night to conceal our own," the stranger "It must have been a case of said.

mental telepathy." On reaching the room where the body lay a much more peculiar episode oc surred. The moment the young man saw the face of the corpse he said:

"That's not father. I never saw this man before. He is not known to me." Nor was he. A search of the dead man's effects brought out papers proving his identity as George C. Melchior and giving reasons for snicide somewhat similar to those advanced by the young stranger when he was telling his story the night before. Within a week Dr. Potter heard from the young man, who said his father was alive and well, having recovered from his despondency and abandoned his intention of taking his life, but the mystery of how a man giving the same name should appear a the hotel selected by the stranger' father, on the same night, and commisnicide in the same manner outlined by him has never been explained. - Chicago Tribune.

When Gas Was New.

When it was first proposed to light the streets of London with gas, great objection was made by the public and swspapers on the ground that the people would be poisoned, that the trees and vegetation would all be killed, and that domestic animals could not possi-

The Catholic Apostolic church, a disenting body, has ten organizations in this country, with three churches and seven halls, all having a joint capacity of 1,100 and a value of \$68,050. The membership numbers 1,394.

"What I Eat Does Me No Good." How often this expression is heard
—Life destroying dyspepsia has told
on you when you feel thus, and should
not be trifled with. There is but one

not be trifled with. There is out one-remedy that can permanently ourse you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., a vegetable compound endorsed by the medical profession. Druggists sell it.

& Linety Exit. "Isn't that Colonel Jones with his shot-

gun!" asked the editor.
"It is," replied the forem "I think you are right," said the editor.
"Suppose you crawl in the stove there and
I'll just step up stairs and see if the roof
doesn't need repairing."—Atlanta Consti-

Her Happy Thought.

Testy Grandfather—So you couldn's rend to me because you felt as if your head vas turning around, and yet you've been waltzing all night! Belle of the Place—Yes, but I waltzed around in the opposite direction from the

way my head was turning.—Truth. A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always ound the very best results follow its use: that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Droggist, Catakill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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"My wife used only two bottles. She was easily and quickly relieved; is now doing splendidly.— J. S. Morton, Harlow, N. C.

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Come with impaired digestion. A sound stomach brings health to the entire system. Bad blood, torpid liver, kidney troubles of various kinds disappear on using Lyon's SEVEN WONDERS, the

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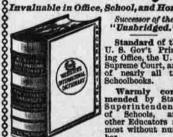
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Seven Wonders.. New Richmond, Ind., April 17, 1893.
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